

THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

ANDERSON'S CITY

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IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

MY dear little friends, can you try to imagine all the sad-
dening details of this picture?

Just five years ago, this Summer, there was a beautiful, trim, iron-clad ship, called the *Jeanette*, moored in the San Francisco bay. Her officers, of whom DeLong was the captain, were noble, high-spirited men, full of zeal and fired with the fatal ambition to discover and explore the North Pole. Great feasts were held, and many civilities were exchanged between the ship's crew and many leading citizens of San Francisco. I watched the vessel as she sailed out of the bay, bearing a large company of gentlemen and ladies on a short excursion up to the Oregon coast. How often I have pictured the wives of those gallant seamen when their husbands sailed out from port the last time! Their fond, aching gaze directed, for the last time upon earth, to those that were so dear to them! Who can tell their anguish as the days lengthened into months, and one year brought to them the intelligence of the death of nearly the whole crew. This engraving we can easily imagine to be a real representation of the fatal day when Captain DeLong concluded to abandon the ship. The ice floes have surrounded and are crushing the doomed ship in their slow, deadly embrace.

The men are withdrawing all the stores from the vessel, and in the driving, blinding snow are making preparations to

retreat before the lonely Winter night of the Arctic regions sets in.

Dimly outlined through the falling snow looms up an iceberg, and all is cold, silent, pale and desolate. The two or

three survivors of the *Jeanette* tell a sorrowful story of hunger, privation and exposure ere they reached Siberia and were welcomed by Russian authorities.

The mad desire for renown and adventure has led many a good ship with its hardy crew into the lonely, bitter regions of the north, and yet, in spite of the almost universal fate of all Arctic explorers, others are found who are ready and anxious to go.

The idea that there exists a north-west passage from Europe to Asia has prompted many to undertake the dangerous task of finding it, and how many lives have been sacrificed to this end is impossible to determine. Doubtless many persons, in their vain search for fame and fortune, will yet perish in the ice-bound regions of the north. But when the appointed time of the Lord arrives the ice shall flow down from the north, "an highway shall be cast up in the midst of the great deep," and the Ten Tribes, who were taken to the north country, will be released from

their long captivity. Then why not wait until God points out the way? For the time will surely come and we may yet live to see the day.

HOMESPUN.



Our Theological Class.

SESSION TWELVE.

BY URIEL.

WE will take for our subject this session the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The word sacrament means an oath, or any ceremony producing an obligation. It is a holy communion of the Saints, wherein they meet together in a solemn assembly, in holy brotherhood and sisterhood, the children of the living God, to solemnize or celebrate the Lord's Supper. It may be asked, What is the Lord's Supper? My dear young friends, it was the last supper that the Lord Jesus Christ took with His disciples previous to His crucifixion. He met with the twelve apostles in a large upper room, to which He Himself had directed them, to eat the passover with Him. It was at this time that, "As they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave it to them, and said, Take, eat: this is my body. And He took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them: and they all drank of it. And He said unto them, This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many. Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God." (*Mark xiv, 22 to 25.*)

In the previous sessions we have endeavored to show the necessity of laying a proper foundation, and now we begin to see the reason why. Realizing we were engaged in instructing a theological class of young people we have been very particular to explain in as simple a manner, and as full as well as simple, so that it may be well understood that we cannot mock God, or theorize these eternal principles. My dear young friends, we must practice them. The taking of the Sacrament, or the emblems in commemoration of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, means something. It is not an empty form, it is a solemn, sacred ceremony that is of the greatest importance.

Did you ever reflect upon the prayer that was given by revelation for the Saints to use on this occasion? Well, let us read it: "O God, the Eternal Father, we ask Thee in the name of Thy Son Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it, that they may eat in remembrance of the body of Thy Son, and witness unto Thee, O God, the Eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of Thy Son, and always remember Him and keep His commandments which He has given them, that they may always have His Spirit to be with them. Amen."

Now there are some points in this prayer we wish to call to the attention of this class. The bread is eaten in remembrance of the body of Jesus Christ, and we witness unto God, the Eternal Father, that we are willing to take upon us the name of His beloved Son, that is, to be His disciples, to serve Him through good and evil report, and to always remember Him and keep His commandments which He has given us, that we might have His Spirit to be with us always. Is not this an obligation? a renewing of the covenant that we made when we accepted the doctrine of Christ and was willing to serve Him and keep His commandments? Certainly it is, and should be taken with due solemnity and lowliness of heart.

This shows us why the Lord Jesus Christ was so pointed and emphatic to the Nephites when He gave them His instructions concerning this Sacrament, recorded in the eighth chapter of the Book of Nephi and the ninth verse, "Behold verily, verily, I say unto you, I give unto you another commandment and then I must go unto my Father, that I may fulfill other commandments which He hath given me. And now behold, this is the commandment which I give unto you that ye shall not suffer anyone knowingly, to partake of my flesh and blood unworthily, when ye shall minister it, for whoso eateth and drinketh my flesh and blood unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to his soul; therefore if ye know that a man is unworthy to eat and drink of my flesh and blood, ye shall forbid him."

It would be a very serious affair to partake of these emblems unworthily. How could any one offer up the prayer we have read? How could such a one witness unto the Father that he was willing to take upon him the name of the Son and keep His commandments, when he did not? It would be shocking to so mock God.

We must do things intelligently: not according to the intelligence of the world, but according to the intelligence of God, who is our Instructor.

We will now turn to the prayer used for the blessing on the wine or contents of the cup, for it is perfectly legitimate to use water if we wish, as you will see by reading in the twenty-seventh section of the Doctrine and Covenants, "For behold, I say unto you, that it mattereth not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, when ye partake of the Sacrament, if it so be that ye do it with an eye single to my glory; remembering unto the Father my body which was laid down for you, and my blood which was shed for the remission of your sins." We refer to this because sometimes we meet with people who are very much impressed with their own importance who say we should use wine and nothing else; but it is no such thing. We will use wine when we drink it new with the Savior in His Father's kingdom, if we have this glorious privilege. But we will read the prayer: "O God, the Eternal Father, we ask Thee in the name of Thy Son Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this wine to the souls of all those who drink of it, that they may do it in remembrance of the blood of Thy Son which was shed for them, that they may witness unto Thee, O God, the Eternal Father, that they do always remember Him, that they may have His Spirit to be with them. Amen."

This class will readily perceive that there is a great similarity in the two prayers. Again we witness unto God, our Eternal Father, our willingness to keep the commandments and that we remember His Son's blood was shed for us. We could scarcely think that anyone could fail to see the solemnity of this Sacrament and of the necessity of never taking it unless we have determined to keep the commandments taught by Jesus Christ, as recorded in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants.

The Apostle Paul taught the Saints at Corinth that as often as they took this Sacrament of the Lord's Supper they showed the Lord's death till He comes. He also advised them to examine themselves so that they might not eat and drink unworthily, for they would eat and drink damnation unto themselves, not discerning the Lord's body. (*I. Cor. xi, 24 to 30.*)

If we are in the discharge of our duties, having laid a correct foundation and are steadily living the principles of the gospel we can always partake of the Sacrament in a proper spirit, and enjoy the spirit and understanding of the same.

This is our privilege. It is our right to understand the things of God if we live for them; but we must do the will of the Father. To fear God and keep His commandments is the whole duty of man.

"BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN."

BY J. T. H.

WHILE traveling as a missionary in Smythe Co., Virginia. last Summer, I had occasion to visit my aunt who resided there, and she was very glad to see me. While there I laid before her the principles of the gospel in plainness and simplicity, and bore her a faithful testimony of its restoration. But it seemed to have very little weight with her because of its unpopularity.

While I sojourned in that neighborhood the Rev. N. C. Baldwin, the lion of the Missionary Baptist Society of that section, had an appointment out for a big meeting. My aunt insisted on my going with her to hear him preach; I did so. He preached for filthy lucre and not to save the souls of men.

After the close of the meeting my aunt invited the preacher to her house to stay all night, and he accepted the invitation. This pleased me, for I thought it a good opportunity to bear my testimony. My aunt seemed pleased also, thinking, no doubt, that her little "Mormon" nephew would meet a defeat. They rode to the house while I walked.

On my arrival the Rev. Mr. Baldwin was introduced to me by my aunt. He said:

"Mr. H——, I am happy to meet you. Are you a son of Mr. Thomas H——, of Burke's Gardens?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are your parents yet alive and are they well?"

"Yes, sir; they are enjoying a good, ripe old age."

"I am glad to hear it. I have been at your father's house a number of times and partaken of his kind hospitalities. But, by-the-by, I hear that your father has taken him another wife since he went to Utah. Is the rumor true?"

"Yes, sir; and I am glad that I have got such a worthy sire."

"Was your mother willing to this second marriage?"

"Yes, sir; she acted the part to my father that Sarah did to Abraham—she gave this wife to him."

"How many wives have you got?"

"I have got enough to let my neighbors' wives and daughters alone." (He blushed at this answer, for, as I learned afterwards, he had been up for trial three times before his church for improper relations with some of the female members of his flock; but yet he was retained as their pastor.)

He then went on abusing the principle of plural marriage at a fearful rate until I brought him to a halt by asking, "Mr. Baldwin, did it ever occur to your mind that, in abusing and condemning that principle, you accuse God of crime or of being accessory thereto?"

"No, sir; No, sir!"

"Well, you are; for God not only approved of it but even commanded it. He talked with Abraham face to face, as one man talks with another, after he had entered into this order of marriage. He also made a covenant with Abraham, telling him that 'in him and his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed.' Jacob, after he had taken four wives, from

whom came the twelve tribes of Israel, was favored with the visitations of heavenly messengers. David was a man that was much married; and we are told in the scriptures that he was 'a man after God's own heart' and did that which was right all his days, except in the case of Uriah, the Hittite, and his wife. The Lord, speaking through Nathan the prophet to David, said, 'And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah; and if that had been too little, I would moreover have given unto thee such and such things.' The Lord commanded the prophet Hosea to take two wives."

Many more passages did I bring forth, none of which could he refute, after which I challenged him to bring forth a single passage from the Bible to condemn that principle. This, of course, he could not do. After some floundering around he said:

"Let us talk about something else; you might talk to me until doomsday and you could not convince me that this principle is true."

I replied, "Mr. Baldwin, you were the first one that brought this subject up, and I think you should be the last one to cry 'enough.' However there are other subjects that I can talk upon. But of all subjects the principles of the gospel is my glorious theme; for I feel just like Paul: I am 'not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation.'"

"I have been preaching the gospel for the last forty-five years, or what I thought to be the gospel."

"I see there is an expression of doubt: you say what you *thought* to be the gospel. Now, I *know* that the gospel that I preach is true."

"I think I know that the gospel I preach is true."

"Jesus said he that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine. Now, if the doctrine which you preach and which you have obeyed be the doctrine of Christ then you would know it."

"It is impossible to do the will of the Father, or to keep His commandments now-a-days."

"Why, Mr. Baldwin, what an admission! Jesus said, 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light;' but you say it is impossible to bear this yoke. If this is the doctrine you have been preaching for the last forty-five years no wonder you and your flock are in the dark."

There were several of his flock present who witnessed his discomfiture. Our conversation lasted altogether between three and four hours.

This is the same reverend gentleman with whom Elder Jedediah M. Grant had a discussion over forty years ago. Bro. Grant said,

"Mr. Baldwin, I would like to ask you a question, before we proceed any further."

"Certainly."

"Mr. Baldwin, who stands at the head of your church in South-West Virginia?"

"I do, sir; I do."

Mr. Baldwin then said, "Mr. Grant, I would like to ask you who stands at the head of *your* Church in South-West Virginia?"

Elder Grant replied, "Jesus Christ, sir."

This answer was like a shock of electricity to Mr. Baldwin, and he has not forgotten it to this day.

His situation after our conversation became so unpleasant that he would not stay all night, and consequently got up and left for other quarters.

A TRUE STORY.

BY M.

IN a little village in one of the southern counties lived a woman whom many people would call very poor; she lived in a homely hut, containing but two rooms, built from adobes and covered with a kind of thatch made from the flag. The house contained nothing scarcely of household furniture but a bedstead, table and a few chairs, all of the poorest and cheapest make, and a small and well polished stove. The walls were white as whitewash could make them and free from any ornament save two pictures; one, that of a large, fine-looking man, occupied a position opposite the entrance door, the other, a picture of the Temple at St. George, hung over the fire-place, underneath which, upon the fireboard sat the ever regulated little clock, whose busy fingers pointed out the well apportioned hours of work and rest to the industrious inmate of this humble habitation. We will not overlook a little article of furniture which stood in one corner of the sitting room, which was bedroom as well, a sort of what-not composed of several little shelves covered with a kind of pretty paper; the whole was contrived and placed there by this woman's busy hands. Upon one of these shelves lay a copy of the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, from the leaves of which peeped forth the edge of the book-mark pointing out the daily lesson to be read or learned from them. The carefully preserved covering of the Bible indicated the care and love its possessor had for it, while the well-worn edges of the leaves showed a frequent use of this holy book. The floor of the dwelling was composed only of earth, but it was well packed, and in the hot Summer days when this was dampened with water an air of delicious coolness pervaded the whole house. In front of the house was a little garden plot, which plainly showed the pride and the industry of the gardener by the way fresh looking vegetables put forth their leaves with not a weed to check their growth.

But this woman thought herself very rich for all of these poor surroundings, but her riches were of that kind that many people in the world would not consider wealth. It was the possession of a true, kind-hearted and noble husband to whom she had been given by the ordinances of the Holy Priesthood, together with four lovely children, two boys and two girls.

At the time we write of her she felt that she had need to pray for her husband; for several years his health had been failing him and for nearly a year before this time he had not been able to perform the labor which was necessary for the support of his family. He shared many exposures, privations and sufferings during the mobbings and persecutions of the Saints in Missouri, and now these were beginning to tell on him, and at the advice of family and friends he had gone, six months previous to the time of which we write, to another portion of the Territory, where the climate is milder, to see if he could not regain his health.

Though this wife of his was a good woman, yet, like many other good women, she had her faults and many of them, but, fortunately, was conscious of these faults and would bear reproof for them with deep humility. It was the month of August, a sickly season for the people in that vicinity. The village was situated on the borders of a swamp and the miasma rising from this during the hot season caused much suffering from what was called the swamp fever. During the season we write of this sickness prevailed to a greater degree

than usual. One after the other of the villagers became stricken with this disease until the majority of them were stretched upon their sick beds.

The subject of our story, whom we will call Mrs. C., as was her wont in such seasons, spent a great portion of her time in visiting the sick neighbors and administering to their wants. During her visits among them this observing woman noticed that the families most afflicted were those who had made a most frequent use of tea and coffee, particularly the last-named beverage, which she had long believed to be conducive to the fever from its strong tendency to produce biliousness in the system, and her heart smote her with fear and remorse as she thought of her own well-used coffee-pot at home, for, though strong in many things, she still retained a weakness in her love for coffee and tea; still she hoped and prayed that disease might leave herself and children unscathed. But her hopes were vain in this thing and the affliction fell upon her eldest son, a boy nine years of age. Going home one evening from a visit to a sick neighbor she found him lying upon his bed with a burning fever. She administered mild medicines to alleviate his sufferings, but the next evening found him still unable to leave his bed.

Carefully and faithfully she attended him, doing for him all that a mother's tenderness could suggest in the way of nursing and medicines; but day by day he grew worse until the poor mother's heart sank within her as she looked upon his pale face and saw his thin, wasted body. All the medicine she gave him seemed rather to aggravate than to cure his disease. She wished to lay her hands upon her boy and ask God to heal him, as she had often done when her little ones were afflicted; but she asked herself how she could beseech her Heavenly Father for that mercy which she had denied to herself. For had she not invited disease into her house by the use of articles of food which years ago the Lord advised the people not to partake of, that they might overcome disease and sickness? Yes, she had committed a great sin by her disobedience. The poor woman's feelings can best be described by those who have been placed in like circumstances.

One evening after the child had spent a restless day of unusual pain, the mother thought she could discern a change of countenance in him; his face seemed to take upon it a peacefulness that often precedes the dissolution of the body and the spirit and gives warning of approaching death. She did not say a word to those who had come in to offer their assistance and sympathy, but the agonized look on her face told of how she suffered. Her household duties and all else but her child were banished from her mind. Annie, her daughter, who shared deeply in her mother's anxiety, that night forgot to pen the cows when they came home and they strayed off through the village, browsing here and there wherever their instincts led them; at length coming to an open gate in a fence that enclosed a corn field, they went in and were soon satisfying their appetites upon the corn. The owner of the lot, who was the presiding Elder in the village, an irritable man, coming along just at this time, drove the cows home. He was met at the door by Annie and two of the neighbors, who had called in sympathy, and in his anger made a rude remark to the women about how Mrs. C. had been in the habit of letting her cows wander through the village unattended and suffered them to destroy people's gardens. The few harsh words reached the ears of Mrs. C. and they stung her sharply. She thought, why could he not have given me the information sooner if the cows had troubled the neighbors and not wait till this very inopportune moment to give me this cruel thrust; and she said to

herself, "He is very cruel and unjust to make this assertion, and I'll not forget it soon."

At this moment, when bitterness was reigning in her heart, her eyes fell upon the face of her loved boy on the bed so full of peaceful quiet and so death-like, she felt that she had but a little while in which to claim him as her own, for the marks of death were too visible upon his brow to be mistaken. The eyes of the sick boy rested for a moment on his mother's face. Then with a countenance lit up as by an angel's touch he said, "God forgives us for all we do against Him when we are sorry for it, don't He, mother? Oh, how good He is not to stay angry at us when we do Him a wrong."

Oh, what volumes these words of the child poured in upon her soul! What a wonderful light his words had conveyed to her mind. Why had she doubted her Heavenly Father's love? Could He not and was He not ready and willing to forgive her for the sin she had committed by disobeying His law? And "He could not stay angry." Oh, had she not that very night said she would not forget the wrong she had received from Elder M.? How could she harbor a harsh thought against anyone when God was so merciful and forgiving? Would He forgive her for all? Yes, she knew that as we forgive others so He will forgive our faults, and she sank upon her knees and thanked her Father fervently that Elder M. was forgiven.

She arose and approached the bed where her boy lay. "Edward," she said, "do you know that God can cure you now if you ask Him to do it?"

"Why, mother," he said faintly, "I've known that all my life; if He wants me to live I'll get well." Then after a moment's pause, "Mother, if you will bring the consecrated oil and pour some on my head and on this side, that has pained me so, and ask God to heal me He will do it, and I'll not die."

His mother instantly obeyed him; and after she had done so, she sank again upon her knees and poured forth her soul in thankfulness to God for His mercy and forgiveness. She arose again with a feeling of thankfulness, comfort and joy that did not leave her for many days.

When the neighbors called the next morning to see how matters had gone with the sick child, they expressed their surprise at seeing him seated in his accustomed place at the breakfast table. Mrs. C. said in answer to their queries, "Yes, God has been good to me, and He is truly good to us all." And when on the following Sunday she met Elder M. at meeting, and smiled upon him kindly as she shook hands with him, he, as well as some of the neighbors wondered again, but she offered no further explanation; she kept her own counsel, feeling that God had increased her wealth by giving to her her boy from the grave. Do you not think she is truly rich?

THE HAWAIIAN METROPOLIS.

BY E. P.

HONOLULU, the metropolis and seat of government of the little kingdom of Hawaii, is the largest and most important social and commercial center of the group known as the Sandwich Islands. It is situated on the south side of the island of Oahu, sheltered from the force of the trade winds, hence the climate appears more tropical than the north

and east of the island, where the regular trade wind has full force. Honolulu possesses an excellent harbor with extensive wharf accommodations and the necessary buoys and signal-light to enable vessels to enter the harbor through the channel in the coral reef in the darkest night. Approached from the sea, after the monotony of a sea voyage, the city and vicinity from Diamond Head to the mountains in the background present a picture of extreme loveliness. The city itself appears shrouded with a canopy of evergreen foliage. Groves of tropical and other trees line the streets, overhanging the houses (which are mostly of one story), affording a grateful shade in the streets and in the gardens and grounds surrounding the public buildings and private residences. Almost every yard is utilized as a flower garden, in which luxuriate rare plants and shrubs with the most beautiful and greatest variety of flowers and ferns indigenous to a tropical climate, and when the trees are in bloom many of them are covered with beautifully hued flowers, giving one the idea of a floral paradise on earth, carpeted and canopied with garlands and wreaths of variegated colors; all being arranged with a view to the picturesque as well as for the purpose of forming charming retreats from the scorching rays of a nearly vertical sun. With luxuriant, verdure-clad hills in the background, a picture more pleasing to the eye of the tourist can hardly be imagined.

The population is largely cosmopolitan and of a mixed character, principally, however, Hawaiian, Chinese, American, English, German and Portuguese. The public buildings are generally substantial structures, well arranged for convenience and ventilation. There are many fine private residences which embody the idea of home comfort in a manner only to be realized in a climate where perpetual summer reigns. The government building (*Aliioli Hale*) is built of blocks of concrete at a cost of \$200,000. In front of this building in the midst of the spacious grounds, stands the bronze statue of the renowned warrior king and founder of the Hawaiian kingdom Kamehameha I.

Iolani palace (the king's residence) is an imposing structure, which was finished in the year 1883, at a cost of \$340,000, built of brick cemented, covering an area of 140 by 100 feet. It is 84 feet high, having two stories and a basement, and contains 40 rooms. Its interior is arranged on a grand scale being finely finished in native wood (*Kou* and *Koa*) and gorgeously furnished. Special features of interest are the grand stairway and the picture gallery, which latter contains many works of art.

The drive from Honolulu to Waikiki is one of the most delightful, the road being lined on each side with beautiful suburban residences and fringed with palm and cocoanut trees. Waikiki is the Long Branch of the islands. The distance is three miles. Omnibuses run frequently every day.

One of the main features of Honolulu and I might say of the Hawaiian kingdom, is the Royal Hawaiian Band, which was organized in 1871, by its present leader Professor H. Berger, and is composed entirely of natives. It is a uniformed body of thirty members supported by the government. They play at the Royal palace generally every morning, and are always in attendance upon all public and state occasions, besides regaling the general public once or twice a week at the Kuma Square, where a stand has been erected for them and seats arranged for the accommodation of those frequenting that favorite resort. The moonlight entertainments are a most delightful treat. By special invitation the band visited San Francisco on the occasion of the late gathering of the Knights Templars, where they were the admiration of all, and carried

off the palm, or, as a San Francisco paper has it, "The Kanakas took the poi."

A favorite drive is up Nuanu valley to the renowned *Pali*, six miles from the city. The road at the present writing is being graded and put in excellent condition. "The scenery," says a writer, "is grand and weird, rivaling that of the Yosemite valley." Many visit Honolulu in search of health and pleasure. No more delightful locality perhaps can be found wherein to spend the Winter months, and it is doubtless destined to become a popular resort for invalids and pleasure seekers.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

THE CHILD'S WITNESS.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION OF THE POWER OF TRUTH.

The following sketch is from the pen of S. H. Hammond formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye witness to the scene in one of the highest courts of New York:

A little girl, 9 years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Ella," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There your Honor," said the counsel addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge.

"Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror; and the red blood mantled in a blush over her face as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought that he meant to inquire if she blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw his mistake: "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No sir, I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

"Do you know that book my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered:

"Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes sir; every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well place your hand upon the Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly, the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State's prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall not go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge, again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction:

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes sir," she replied. "My mother, she heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me into her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments; then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, with a tear glistening in his eye, and his lips quivering with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. The witness is competent," he continued; "were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child as she was; but there was a directness about it

that carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with indefinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defense. But before her testimony, this was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom the mother prayed for strength to be given to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villainy like a potter's vessel. That which her mother prayed for, was given, and the manner in which she spoke was like a revelation from God Himself.—*Ex.*

ALL CAN SUCCEED.

BY C.

God has kindly given unto His children various talents. Each one has the power within him or herself to perform some good labor and the reason that many persons do not succeed in life is because they do not learn until they become old, if at all, with what gifts the Lord has blessed them.

Now it is to be hoped that each child who reads this article will try to learn what good work he or she is able to do, and then to seek by study and toil to accomplish it. Ask the Lord to show you in what way you can do the most good to yourself and others in this life, and He will certainly direct you in the proper way. And when it is made known to you, do not let anything deter you from reaching your object.

Perhaps the following anecdote about a somewhat noted painter, Juan de Pareja by name, will encourage some of our little readers to persevere in whatever pursuit they undertake:

"Pareja was a Spanish-American, a half-blood, born of a Spanish father and an Indian mother. Children of this parentage were doomed by the cruel Spanish law to slavery, and Pareja, transported to Spain, had the good fortune to find a just, though severe, master in the great painter, Don Diego Velasquez. In his thirteenth year he accompanied him to Madrid, and was employed to mix his colors and prepare his palette. A noble ambition now fired the soul of the slave. He resolved to win both fame and freedom.

"Every secret opportunity, in the absence of Velasquez, he employed in imitating his master's

pictures. He painted and he obliterated, and he painted again, until his copy bore some tolerable resemblance to the original. He devoted the hours of the night to assiduous study, until by ungrudging labor and natural force of talent, he attained a respectable degree of excellence. These stolen tasks were not accomplished without a sickening anxiety, and a constant degree of apprehension. Pareja well knew the haughtiness of the Spanish character, and the indignation with which the attempt of a slave to qualify himself for the exercise of an art favored by nobles and encouraged by kings would be regarded. He especially shrank from attracting the attention of his master, whose pride would have been shocked at his bondsman's astounding presumption. Yet he hungered for renown and liberty, which he could never secure by working in stealth. He felt that he *must* reveal himself; he longed, in his loneliness, for human praise and something of human sympathy.

"Pareja, therefore, resolved on the daring project of bringing his clandestine performances before the king. Philip IV. was no incompetent judge, and his heart was by no means incapable of generous impulses. It was his custom to visit Velasquez's atelier frequently, and Pareja had observed that on such occasions the king invariably ordered the pictures which were placed with their faces to the wall to be turned for his inspection. Among these, therefore, he resolved to place one of his own composition, and to trust the issue to the royal clemency.

"All fell out as he had supposed. On the next visit of the king, he observed the picture turned, and ordered it to be shown him. 'Velasquez!' exclaimed Philip, 'this is no work of thine!' Before the great painter could reply, Pareja flung himself on his knees, and told his story—told of his night vigils, his secret toils, his long-cherished aspirations. 'The sons of Art,' said the king, 'should be free;' and in compliance with his sovereign's will, no less than in accordance with his own wishes, Velasquez immediately emancipated his slave.

"It is pleasant to record that the grateful heart of Pareja induced him to remain in the service of Velasquez until his death, and after that event, of his daughter. He rose to some eminence in portrait painting, and also accomplished various historical subjects in a meritorious manner. He died, aged sixty, in 1670—a felicitous example of the success which rewards the well-directed application of even moderate talents."

The Juvenile Instructor.

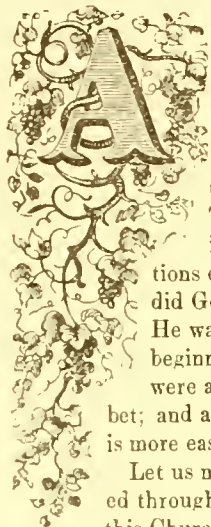
GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

TRUTHS COMMUNICATED TO THE WORLD THROUGH THE
PROPHET JOSEPH.



A FLOOD of light has been revealed from heaven through the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is upwards of forty years now since his martyrdom, and as the years roll by, it becomes more and more plain how great a benefactor he was, in the hands of God, to the human family. The work which he accomplished looms up in grander and more magnificent proportions every year that passes. Most wonderfully did God use him to accomplish His purposes. He was a great revelator and seer. Men are beginning to understand principles now which were as simple to him, apparently, as the alphabet; and as time rolls on the divinity of his mission is more easily proved.

Let us mention a few principles which were revealed through him. The entire religious world, when this Church was organized, believed that this earth was made out of nothing. This was a proposition which was urged with all the force of religious learning. To doubt it was to expose one's self to the charge of rank infidelity; it was to throw doubt on the power of God. But the Prophet Joseph revealed the truth, and the throne of God, and His power and glory are founded upon truth, therefore the truth cannot detract from the majesty and dignity of our Creator. He taught the doctrine that the matter of which this earth is composed is eternal; it never had a beginning and it never can have an end; it can be changed, disorganized and reorganized; but it is neither increased nor lessened thereby; and this earth, he taught, was organized out of elements that were eternal, and that the changes, therefore, that would occur hereafter in the earth would not destroy the elements of which it is composed; they would be purified and made suitable as a residence for celestial beings—a new heaven and a new earth.

There is scarcely a religious teacher to-day—unless he be very ignorant—who does not believe this. The Elders were able to sustain this doctrine in their contact with the religious world, and men have gradually seen that it did not lessen the power nor glory of the Creator to acknowledge this truth.

Again, the people of Christendom, generally, believe that the beginning of man's career was his birth into this world. They profess to believe that Jesus existed prior to His coming here, and that He was the Son of God, the Creator of the earth, etc. His birth in the stable they do not believe was the beginning of His existence, though He was in the form of man and came, as we all have done, as a little infant. It appears strange now, in looking at this belief, that men should

have been willing to accept the truth in relation to the Savior and not have a suspicion in their minds that all the children of men might have had a pre-existence as He had. The Bible plainly reveals this doctrine. We will only quote one passage to prove this: *Jeremiah i, 4 5*:

"Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

"Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."

The Prophet Joseph, under the inspiration of the Almighty, revealed the doctrine, so beautifully consistent, that all the children of men existed in the spirit world before they came into this mortal life; and while this truth is not generally accepted, at the present time, by Christendom, it will yet be received and rejoiced in as it now is by the Latter-day Saints.

The vaguest ideas exist also concerning the object of man's existence here on the earth. The most learned ministers of religion could not explain to inquirers the reasons for man coming here and being exposed to the temptations and trials of this life. By the revelation, however, of the gospel through the Prophet Joseph this has been made as clear as the sun at noonday. We know—in part at least—the object our Father had in placing us in this state of probation and the ends to be accomplished thereby. And what consolation and comfort it gives to every man, woman and child who understands this glorious truth!

Respecting the future men were equally in the dark. There was, it is true, an idea generally entertained that men would come forth from the dead, and, if faithful in obeying God's commandments, would go to a place called heaven. The wicked, it was believed, would go to a place called hell. As to the character of the reward to be given to the righteous very little was known; as to the character of the punishment administered to the wicked no true conception was had. But this Church had not been organized when the Lord gave a revelation through the Prophet Joseph to Martin Harris, in which was explained the character of God's punishment. The truth was clearly set forth that while the punishment administered is eternal punishment, because it is God's punishment, it is not written that there shall be no end to this torment. This revelation was given in the month preceeding that in which the Church was organized. Within two years thereafter the revelation called "The Vision" was given, containing the most sublime and exalted truths concerning the future condition of man. No one can read the glorious doctrines contained in that precious revelation, with an unprejudiced heart, without being filled with joy and light concerning man's future condition. It is there explained that men do not all go to one place of reward, but that there are differences of degrees in the glory which awaits the children of men; there being one glory of which the sun is typical, another of which the moon is typical, and another of which the stars are typical. These are kingdoms of glory.

Great light has also been thrown upon another point connected with man's future existence. The belief has been general, especially outside of the Catholic Church, in Christendom, that when men left this condition of existence their doom was fixed unalterably for ever and ever, and that there could never be any change, worlds without end. If they went to hell they would remain there through the countless ages of eternity. But the Lord, through the Prophet Joseph, revealed the heavenly doctrine, which so beautifully illustrates His impartial justice, that after this life men should have the opportunity of hearing the gospel of the Son of God and being ministered to in the spirit. It had been thought by

many people, who called themselves devout followers of the Savior, that the pagan nations, who never had the opportunity of hearing the name of Jesus, would be consigned to hell. A most horrible doctrine to damn a man for not believing that which he never had heard! Several passages in the scriptures plainly prove that Jesus, after His death and while His body lay in the tomb, went and preached to the spirits who had lived upon the earth, thus fulfilling, in part, the mission which had been assigned Him. The Prophet Joseph, inspired of the Lord, taught the doctrine that, in the spirit world, those who bear the Priesthood would, as Jesus did, minister unto spirits who had lived upon the earth and who had not received the gospel. He also taught that which Paul alludes to in *I Cor. xv, 29*, that men and women could be baptized, in places expressly prepared and dedicated for this purpose, for those who had died in ignorance of the gospel.

This is, indeed, glad tidings of salvation to all the children of men, showing how consistent the Lord is in His dealings with His children, and how universal is His mercy and His justice. Understanding such doctrine men and women, and even children, can have a higher conception of God and His attributes, and can worship Him with greater sincerity and faith than they possibly could with such views as have been common in Christendom. Added to this is the knowledge, which was communicated for the first time since the fathers fell asleep, that God our Eternal Father is a personage with body and parts, and that Jesus resembles Him, and that we are all made in His image. The Prophet Joseph was the first man, for many centuries, to obtain this knowledge; and also the further knowledge that we are His literal descendants; that while our tabernacles are created out of the dust of the earth, we are, nevertheless, His offspring, descended from Him and possessed of His attributes, though undeveloped.

IT is frequently the case that misconceptions arise as to the duties of officers of the Sunday schools, and, in consequence, one trespasses on another's rights. One of the beautiful features of the Priesthood is that there is no clash in the duties of the several officers therein. Each man moves in his appointed sphere with the same regularity, and order, and harmony that is apparent in the heavenly worlds. If we look at the heavens we see that every planet moves in its orbit. The earth also moves with the utmost precision and regularity in its orbit. At the exact moment assigned it the sun appears above and disappears below our horizon, or, in other words, the earth revolves with such precision that the sun appears and disappears with exactness and regularity. So, also, with the moon; its changes occur with the nicest precision. If it were not so, chaos would soon result. God designs that this regularity should also be apparent in the Priesthood and in all the affairs of His Church. Every officer should move in his own orbit and confine himself to his own duties. Whenever he goes beyond proper bounds there is a clash, and difficulty and confusion are the results. To illustrate our view we will take the office of superintendent of a Sunday school. When he is placed in charge by the proper authority, it is his duty to manage and counsel in all the affairs of the school; but if he be a wise superintendent he will consult with his assistants and with the teachers, and preserve harmony and good feelings among them. When he magnifies his office he will have the spirit of his calling resting upon him, and he should be honored in his position if the school expects to prosper.

What, then, are the duties of the assistant superintendent? To labor under the direction and in assisting the superintendent. He has not the charge of the school, nor of its classes, nor of its order of proceedings, nor of the disposition of its teachers, nor the arrangement of the exercises when the superintendent is present. These are the duties of the superintendent, and in the performance of which, when he needs help, he calls upon his assistant to render it. It is not for the assistant to set the superintendent aside and to assume his duties, nor to attempt their performance; for, as we have said, if he does so confusion and ill-feeling will inevitably follow. The wise assistant superintendent, anxious to fulfill the duties of his position, will seek to know the mind and obtain the counsel of the superintendent, and never transcend the bounds set for him.

Teachers will act, also, under the direction of the superintendent and receive their instruction from him, and not seek to carry out their views independent of him. If they have suggestions to make, they should, of course, have the privilege of making them; but at the proper time and under proper circumstances, and not carry out their ideas independent of the superintendent and his assistants.

By observing these suggestions order will be preserved in our Sunday schools, the Spirit of God will reign and peace will be in every heart. The superintendent, his assistants and the teachers and pupils will all feel benefited by their association, for the blessing of God will rest down upon them.

A NOBLE CHOICE.—Nearly all the members of the old Parliament of Paris suffered on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror. One of them, M. le Grand d'Alleray, was, with his wife, accused of having corresponded with his emigrant son. Even Fouquier Tinville, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, was softened. "Here," said he, "is the letter brought to your charge; but I know your writing—it is a forgery." "Let me have the paper," said D'Alleray. "You are mistaken," added the brave old man: "it is both my writing and my signature." Fouquier, still desirous to save him, observed, "Doubtless you were not acquainted with the law which made it capital to correspond with emigrants?"

"You are mistaken again," replied D'Alleray, "I knew of that law; but I knew also of another, prior and superior, which commands parents to sacrifice their lives for their children."

Still Fouquier Tinville tried to furnish him with excuses; but the old man constantly eluded them; and at length said, "I see your object, and thank you for it; but my wife and I will not purchase life with falsehood; better to die at once. We have grown old together without having ever told a falsehood; we will not begin when on the verge of the grave. Do your duty; we shall do ours. We blame you not; the fault is that of the law."

They were condemned, and died heroically on the guillotine.

LET us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—*Washington*.

HOW HE SUCCEEDED.

THERE lived in a rural village of old England a lad named John B——, whose father had died while he was a mere infant, thus leaving him as the only comfort of the sorrowing widow. In the death of the husband the means of support were gone, and, consequently, John's early life was not a pleasant one; for what little money his mother could earn was nearly all used in providing the bare necessities of life. When ten years old he had the privilege of attending school for a few months, and was then apprenticed to a machinist, who employed some eighty men and boys in his establishment, for a term of seven years.

Intelligent, obliging and diligent, John soon gained the favor of his fellow-laborers, who also sought to instruct him in the labor he had undertaken. Nor were the endeavors of the workmen unappreciated, for their protege adhered strictly to their teachings and was never contented unless he was learning something. As a natural result of such a course John rapidly rose in his business, and before two years of his time had elapsed his superior in his chosen pursuit could not be found in the shop where he worked.

The wages of an apprentice in England, as all know who have thus labored, are very small indeed, a boy frequently receiving nothing during the first year. Our young hero, realizing that it would be some time before he would be able to earn enough at his business to materially assist his mother, determined to employ his leisure to the accomplishment of this end. He therefore went around to the neighbors and asked for the privilege of repairing and cleaning their clocks, promising to charge but a mere trifle for his work and guaranteeing good workmanship. On his first round he obtained a few small jobs, which, when finished, so pleased his patrons that they gave him some more work, and also recommended him to their acquaintances. By this means his business increased so rapidly that he no longer had to seek work; but employed all his leisure in the new-found labor. Money, too, became more plentiful with him and he was able to relieve his mother of much anxiety and care. Before very long he and his parent moved into a more commodious dwelling and began to gather around them some of life's comforts.

This change in circumstances did not, however, bring with it inactivity or pride. To acquire knowledge and skill were still John's great aim. His pocket money was invariably used in purchasing books which treated on mechanism, so that he might understand the theory as well as the practice of his business.

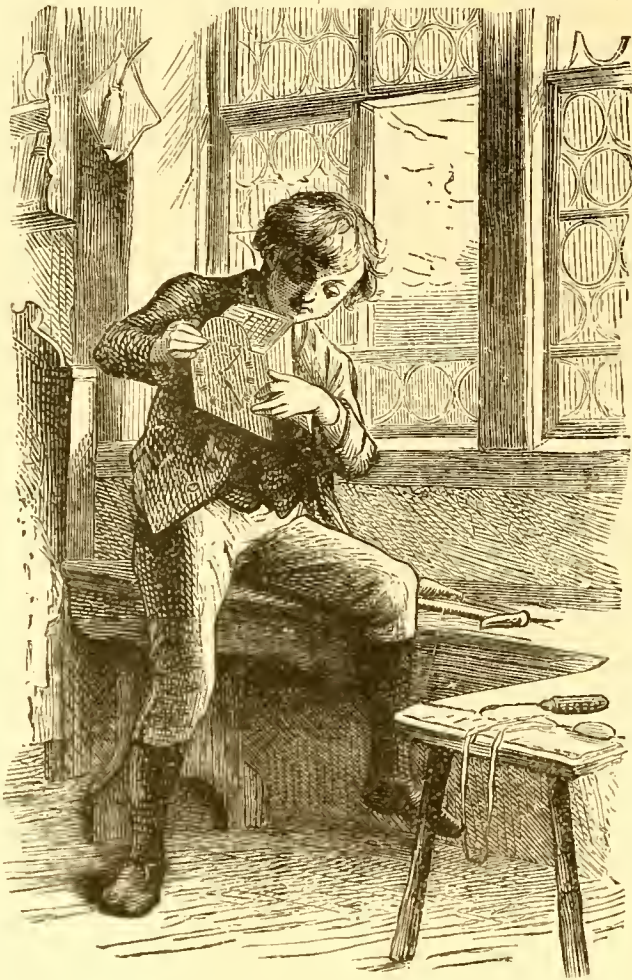
Such restlessness and perseverance as were thus exhibited caused some of the other apprentices to feel jealous, and they often took occasion to display their ill feelings by hiding their rival's tools and marring his work when he was absent. But he took it all good naturedly and returned good for evil when opportunity afforded. Finally, while John was at dinner one day, his jealous companions went to his bench and, in their efforts to injure his work, broke a large and valuable iron plate which was nearly ready to leave his hands. He was both amazed and sorry on returning to the shop to see what had been done for he well knew who were the perpetrators. The foreman saw what had happened, but was informed that John did not do it. An inquiry into the cause of the broken plate was instituted which resulted in the discharge of three apprentices; these were, however, reinstated a few days later at the

solicitations of him whom they had tried to injure. This last act won for John the love of all the workmen, and envy and jealousy were banished from the shop.

Before five years had elapsed of John's apprenticeship, the foreman of the shop died, and, by unanimous voice of the proprietor and workmen, John B——, though not yet out of his time, was appointed to succeed him. In this new position he remembered his training and was affable, kind and good to all the employees and did not seek to lord over or oppress them. They were compelled to love him; and with such companions the work prospered even beyond the expectations of all interested.

As a due reward for his faithfulness John was advanced, at the end of seven years, as a partner in the firm, and finally, when his benefactor died, some years later, he was able to purchase his interest.

Thus, from the position of a humble apprentice and repairer of clocks, John B—— rose, by his energy and perseverance, to be a wealthy man and leading manufacturer in his native country, where he now resides.



PERSEVERANCE IN DUTY.—No man has a right to say he can do nothing for the benefit of mankind, who are less benefited by ambitious projects than by the sober fulfillment of each man's proper duties. By doing the proper duty in the proper place, a man may make the world his debtor. The results of "patient continuance in well-doing" are never to be measured by the weakness of the instrument, but by the omnipotence of Him who blesseth the sincere efforts of obedient faith alike in the prince and in the cottager.—H. Thompson.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY J. R. F.

(Continued.)

NEARLY five hundred years ago the Maya kingdom was at the height of its power. The people were then as ignorant of the writings on those ancient columns as are the natives of to-day. Their written characters are widely different from these, which goes to prove they were not the original builders.

The ruins of Central and South America were mostly composed of stone edifices, while those found in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys must have been built of less durable material, for they are now mere heaps of earth. That they were very old is placed beyond a doubt. Remains taken from graves in Europe, known to be 2,000 years old, are far better preserved than skeletons found in mounds in Ohio. Another evidence is that large forest trees are growing on many of the mounds, some of which are very old. "If," says Baldwin, "they found forests they must have been cleared away to make room for their cities, and a long time must have elapsed before they began again to grow." Moreover, observations show that the trees that first make their appearance are not regular forest trees. The beginning of such growths as will cover them with great forests come later, when other preliminary growths have appeared and gone to decay. Eight hundred rings of annual growth were counted in the trunk of a tree growing on a mound at Marietta, Ohio.

When the copper mines were discovered on Lake Superior, they were buried in what seemed to be a primeval forest. Yet these mines had been previously worked by the mound builders. Trunks of huge trees were found lying across the mines and others equally as large standing in their places. In one mine a large mass of copper, weighing several tons, had been raised several feet and blocked up with timbers and so left. This would indicate that the work of the miners was interrupted and they were forced to abandon it. No remains of cities or highways have yet been found in the copper region. This has led many to believe that the work was carried on only during the Summer season, and that organized bands came from the settlements in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys for this purpose.

All over the Mississippi and Ohio valleys are to be found mounds, fortifications and road-ways. Some of these are very large and show a knowledge of engineering that would be difficult to excel in this age of learning. The great canals found in the Gila valley, Arizona, furnish another proof of the engineering skill of the builders.

At Miamisburg, Ohio, is a mound sixty-eight feet high; one at Graves Creek, West Virginia, seventy-five, that at St. Louis one hundred and covers over thirteen acres. Others of various sizes are to be found almost all over the United States. In Mexico and Central America the mounds resemble those found in this country with the exception that many of them are built of hewn stone. "The mounds in the two regions," writes Baldwin, "are remarkably alike. In both cases they are pyramidal in shape and have level summits extant which were reached by graded ways on either side. The great mound of Chichcu Itza is seventy-five feet high, and has on its summit a ruined stone edifice. That of Uxmal is sixty and has a

similar ruin on its summit. That at Mayapan is sixty. The edifice has disappeared."

Similar mounds are also to be found in South America. The ruins south of the isthmus have not been as thoroughly explored as those north. But they are similar. Not so elaborate perhaps as those of Central America, but of greater solidity. Peru is noted for its great roads and aqueducts, one of the latter being 450 miles long, while the former extend all through the country, and are still monuments of ancient Peruvian greatness. No ancient people have left traces of works more astonishing, so vast was their extent and so great the skill and labor required to construct them. One of these roads ran along the mountains through the whole length of the empire from Quito to Chili. Another starting from this at Cuzco went down the coast and extended northward to the equator. They were built on the beds or deep understructures of masonry. In width they varied from twenty to twenty-five feet. They were made level and smooth by paving and in some places by a sort of macadamizing with pulverized stone mixed with lime and bituminous cement. On each side of the road-way was a very strong wall more than six feet in thickness. Along these roads at equal distances were edifices built of hewn stone for the accommodation of travelers. Extending from one degree north of the equator they went over marshes, rivers and great chasms of the Sierras and through rocky precipices and sides of the mountains to Cuzco and from Cuzco to Chili. It was a marvelous work. In many places it was cut through rocks for miles, great ravines were filled up with solid masonry. Rivers were crossed by means of a curious kind of suspension bridge and no obstruction was encountered which the builders did not overcome. It was quite as long as our two Pacific railroads, and its construction a great deal more difficult.

Some writers attribute the construction of these roads to the Incas, but we find by a close examination of traditional history that the Incas were not the builders. When they rose to power they found the roads much out of repair, and reconstructed them, but they were built many generations before their time. "Everywhere the architecture is regulated by the same idea. The differences indicate nothing more than different periods and different phases of development in the history of the same people."

Of Mexico and Central America Mr. Baldwin says: "The antiquities show that this section of the continent was anciently occupied by a people admirably skilled in the arts of masonry, building and architectural decoration. Some of their works cannot be excelled by the best of our constructors and decorators. They were highly skilled in the appliances of civilized life, and they had the art of writing, a fact placed beyond dispute by their many manuscripts." Columns are still found in various parts of Central America covered with hieroglyphical characters, which would no doubt give us much valuable information, but, who shall read them?

Some historians assert that the Peruvians had no written language, but Montesinos after spending fifteen years in that country, shows pretty clearly that they had. He says that the books were few, and those who could read them were few, also. He once found a very old man reading to a group of young people, and on asking what the book contained, was told, "Things that no stranger ought to know."

Catholic influence did not encourage the natives to preserve their language. Consequently, when a knowledge of what the books contained was lost they ceased to be of value to the simple Indians and have now disappeared altogether.

EARLY KINGDOMS ON THE EASTERN CONTINENT.

BY J. H. W.

THE first remarkable event after the deluge, was the promise of preservation from any future deluge, and the law given to Noah in which was pointedly prohibited the shedding of blood. (*See Gen. ix.*) At this time, also, liberty was given to men to eat animal food. Then followed the division of the earth among the three sons of Noah. From Mount Ararat, where the ark rested, the descendants of Shem spread themselves towards the south and east; the descendants of Ham went towards the south and west, particularly occupying Africa; and to Japheth and his posterity were assigned the north and west.

The arguments of those who maintain that Adam must have lived in Asia, since there are no rivers elsewhere, that correspond to the names Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates, rest indeed upon a very flimsy foundation. Even to those who deny the teachings of the Prophet Joseph, there is no valid reason why America should not be considered the early home of the race. In sallying forth from the ark it would be nothing more than natural for Noah and his sons to name the neighboring rivers from those they left behind them. We have similar examples in the history of our own country. Thus the Pilgrims named their first settlement in memory of Plymouth, England, the town from which they last sailed. Again, Boston takes its name from Boston, England, and the names Thames, Middlesex, London, etc., in the Dominion of Canada, have their originals on the other side of the Atlantic. Also the term New England implies that there is an Old England—the native country of the Puritans.

The brief description of Eden, as given in the words of the Bible, corresponds much more nearly with the geography of America than that of Asia. Let it be remembered that Eden was the name given to a district or country, and the *Garden of Eden*—man's first abode on this planet—was a particular spot in the eastern part of this district. (*Gen. ii, 8-14.*) Neither is the Garden of Eden to be confounded with Alam-ndi-Ahman where Adam dwelt in the latter part of his life when he pronounced upon his posterity his last blessing. (*See Doc. and Con. sec. vii, 53.*) But the moment we admit that the district, or country denominated Eden, was the central part of the Mississippi valley, the description as given in Genesis is not only exact but sublime in its simplicity.

In the latter part of the second thousand years before Christ, or about 2,250 years B. C., cities began to be built, which afterwards rose to great eminence. Ashur, one of the descendants of Shem, built Nineveh on the Tigris; and Nimrod, who had addicted himself to hunting, erected a kingdom in the land of Shinar, on the banks of the Euphrates. Babel seems to have been the capital of his kingdom. On the plain of Shinar the Tower of Babel was commenced; but its completion was prevented by the interposition of God, who introduced confusion among those who were employed in building it; yet it seems to have formed the germ of the city of Babylon, that, many ages afterwards, rose to great power and splendor. Thus the conduct of men very soon proved, that, although the deluge had given a temporary check to their wickedness, it had done nothing towards purifying the human heart from its proud ambitious passions. That very crime—violence and the shedding of human blood—against which

God had repeatedly pointed His indignation, and which had brought destruction on the antediluvians, soon began to appear in all its ferocity. Scenes of carnage commenced which have disgraced and consumed mankind, and kept whole regions of the earth in desolation and wretchedness till the present day. Such was the condition of the world at the end of the first two thousand years that God commanded Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." (*Gen. xii, 1.*)

At this era idolatry had made some progress. Even the family of Shem was corrupted by it. We are told that even Terah, the father of Abraham, served other gods. (*Joshua xxi, 2*) Instead of checking this evil by some awful infliction similar to the deluge, God selected a family, with whom He might deposit a knowledge of His will, and to whom He might give so conspicuous a station among the nations, as would tend to preserve that knowledge in the world and diffuse it among the rest of mankind. This measure He commenced by calling Abraham to leave his native country, Mesopotamia, and to reside as a stranger and a wanderer in the land of the Canaanites; a land which lay between the River Jordan and the Mediterranean Sea. To Abraham, who was in danger of falling into idolatry, God revealed Himself, and maintained an intercourse with him from time to time, promising to give him a numerous posterity, while yet he had no child; to give the land, in which he had come to sojourn to his posterity; to make of them a great nation, and to give them dominion from the Euphrates to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; and further that in his seed should all the families of the earth be blessed; for from that nation came the promised Messiah, the Redeemer of the world.

TAMPERING WITH TEMPTATION.

(Continued from page 223.)

BERNARD MARTIN left school without any particular stain upon his character. It is true he was spoken of by his school-fellows as having been close and stingy, and ready to take advantage of a companion when it answered his purpose to do so. But they charitably accounted for this by saying that he was never allowed much money to spend, and consequently knew better than some the value of what he had. In other respects he was remembered as having been rather clever and remarkably diligent. He had carried off a good many prizes, and his teachers predicted for him a prosperous future.

Soon after leaving school, Bernard was apprenticed to a bookseller, in a busy and large town; and, to do him justice, he entered upon this situation with strong—or what he believed to be strong—determination to be honest and faithful to his employer. If any one had said to him at that time, "Before you have been three years in your employment, Bernard, you will be prosecuted as a thief," he would have replied indignantly, in some such language as that of Hazael, when he was told by the prophet that he would be guilty of numberless crimes, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this?" And yet the prediction was true concerning Hazael. So also, it would have been true concerning Bernard Martin.

Young Martin was a diligent and obliging lad, so that he soon won his way in to his employer's confidence. And this was no small thing to do, for Mr. B. was a rather stern and suspicious man, and not easily deceived, as he sometimes said.

Moreover, when he was deceived, he was very angry, and even unforgiving. It was something, therefore, for his apprentice to gain his confidence.

A great deal of trust was necessarily reposed in Bernard. He was often left alone in his master's shop; and though on such occasions he had to give an account of all his sales, it depended on his sense of honor and honesty, or his fear of disgrace, whether he should give in a true or false account. Sometimes much small money passed through his hands, and this would have been a temptation to some lads. But, for a time, it was no temptation to Bernard Martin; or, if it was he successfully resisted it. The time came when his principles were to be tried, and found wanting. It was by degrees, however, that he fell.

"How is this, Martin?" asked his employer one day, when having been some time absent in his printing-office, he counted the cash put into his hands, and compared the amount with his apprentice's book of sales. The sums did not correspond, but, strange to say, there was more money than Bernard had accounted for.

The lad could not tell how the difference could have happened. He had been busy with customers for two or three hours, and he supposed that, in the hurry of having two or three to serve at one time, he had neglected to enter one or two of the amounts he had received. And now he could not recall to mind those particular sales.

Mr. B.'s brow was overcast. "I don't like such carelessness, Martin," said he. "Punctuality and method are the sinews of business, and there ought to be no discrepancies like this. Your book and your cash ought to tally to a half-penny; and whether you have too much cash or too little, it amounts to the same thing. It shows inattention. As this is the first blunder you have made during the year you have been with me, I shall overlook it; but I beg that it may not be repeated. I should be sorry to lose my confidence in you."

Now this was harsh and unjust; and Bernard felt it to be so. The mistake was one which an older person than himself might have made without being much to blame; and, conscious as he was that he had never wronged his employer, he felt it all the more keenly. His pride was wounded.

"Besides," thought he, "the mistake was on the right side, after all. If I had not had money enough, it would have been different; but to be blamed for having too much is too bad! But I'll take care not to have too much another time."

It was not long after this that another circumstance occurred, which put this resolution to the test, and may be said to have been a turning-point in young Martin's history. One winter's afternoon, between light and dark, a gentleman entered the shop in a great hurry, purchased a railway timebook, threw down sixpence, or what he meant to be sixpence on the counter, and speedily disappeared.

The coin was not sixpence, however, but a half-sovereign, as the youth discovered when he examined it.

Now, here was a case very similar to that which had happened to Bernard Martin several years before at school. The money had come into his hands accidentally. The owner was a stranger, most probably a traveler who was likely soon to be miles away in the railway train, and who might never be in the town again. Probably, also, he was not, and would not be, aware of the blunder he had made; for he had a small handful of loose cash, out of which he had carelessly taken what he supposed to be sixpence, and Bernard had noticed that gold, silver and copper money were all mixed together. Moreover, if the stranger were to find out his loss,

and were still in the town, the probability was that he would not, and, indeed, could not, be sure of having paid away the half-sovereign instead of sixpence. Lastly, if he, Bernard Martin, were ever so anxious to restore what had so innocently come into his hands, he could not do it then, and most likely would never have the opportunity of doing it.

Then, on the other hand, what should he do with the money? "If I pay it to Mr. B.," thought he, "I shall be scolded for having too much cash, as I was once before. Or if I explain how I came to have so much I shall be blamed for being careless. And, any way, Mr. B. has no more right to it than I have. I had better keep it, putting sixpence of my own in its place, and then I shall have it ready to give to the gentleman *if he should come and inquire about it.* And if he does not come, I shall have a good right to keep it."

No sooner thought than done. In a moment the golden half-sovereign was transferred to Bernard's own purse in exchange for a silver sixpence.

"And what could he have done better?" some boy-reader may ask.

What could he have done worse? What business had *he* with the money? He was his employer's substitute, and he ought to have accounted to him.

Besides this, he was giving way again to temptation. Bernard might have remembered the sixpence at school, and how, having it once in his possession, he found it more and more difficult to act honestly about it, till he landed in dishonesty. Remembering this, the youth ought to have been afraid of himself, and to have put the temptation out of his reach. But he was not afraid, and he hugged the temptation to his heart.

(To be Continued.)

HOW NED TOOK A STAND.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

ON the edge of a high bank, at the foot of the school-yard, sat a row of boys, as wide-awake and energetic as go bare-footed in any breezy country town. There they were, perched upon the edge of the bank, prim as a row of sparrows on a telegraph wire. The boys were talking about the new teacher:

"How do you like Miss Gaines?" asked Tim Barnes.

"Did you speak to me, Tim?" asked Ned Ray.

"Yes."

"Well, I am not used to her yet. I can't tell."

"I can tell," piped up little Billy Toole. "I don't like her. I don't like any teacher who won't let a feller whisper once in a while but that she licks him. She uses that birch stick too often."

"And I don't like her," chimed in Harry Grace.

"Why?" asked Ned.

"'Cause she makes you study."

As Harry was the dunce of the school, his frank confession met with a shout of laughter. One boy did not like her because he "guessed she had a glass eye." Another was dissatisfied, as she ought to have let him whittle in school, especially as he had a new jack-knife.

"Tim, how do you like her?" asked Ned.

"I think she is too marmish," answered Tim, giving his head a dignified, knowing shake. The fact was that the

teacher had collared Tim and walked him out into the floor, because he had seen fit to aim a spit-ball at Harry Grace's nose, the missile hitting the mark squarely.

"Ha!" exclaimed Ned, who was disposed to take the law-and-order side in discussions on school discipline, "I rather think we have a good teacher and she is going to make us mind."

The boys dissented from this; but there was no opportunity for discussion, as Miss Gaines had raised the window and was vigorously beating the air with her bell.

The teacher was a trim, energetic little body, with sparkling blue eyes, fair complexion and an abundance of glossy, brown hair. She was not "marmish;" she did not extravagantly use the "birch;" she did not have "a glass eye." She was a sprightly little school-house queen, and, though not a despot, intended to rule. Rule she did. Ned liked her after knowing her, and vigorously supported her authority. Tim did not want to mind anybody, and the split between him and the teacher widened every day. A number of other malcontents took sides with Tim, and one night after school they stopped to organize a rebellion. The grand rally was on the edge of the bank behind the school-house. Ned chanced to linger and heard the plot.

"To-morrow morning, fellers," said Tim, who was chief spokesman and assumed a magnificent air, "the plan is for us all not to go into school when the bell rings, but stay out here on the bank. That will show the teacher who is who, and may remind her she may go too far. Recess time, perhaps, we may go in, and perhaps not. Now, who agrees to this?"

About every hand went up. Ned's stayed in his pocket.

"Don't you mean to stay out, Ned?" asked Tim, furiously.

"No."

"You going back on your school-mates?" asked Tim, showing a fine sense of honor.

"I don't see that I am going back on you more than you are going back on me. Why shouldn't you come into the school-house with me as well as I stay out with you?"

"Because—because—because," said Tim, trying to think of an argument, "the most of the scholars want to stay out and you count only one to go in. You ought to go with the great-number."

"Now you have him, Tim!" shouted Harry Grace.

"No, he hasn't, either," asserted Ned. Take Tim out of this ring and what would it amount to? You wouldn't do anything without Tim. Then he is the most there is on one side and I am on the other, and my side is as big as his. I know the girls won't go with you, and Jim Gates or"—

"Pooh," said Tim, afraid to have Ned argue any longer, "you are trying to scare us, and we are not cowards, are we, boys?"

This appeal brought out a hearty assurance from Tim's followers that they were not cowards, no, not they. They strutted around as big as major generals. When Ned left they swelled still larger, and were very valiant. In a little while the school-grounds were entirely deserted.

Ned was not entirely at ease. He meant to do as he had said and go to school in the morning. Ned had taken a stand and he meant to maintain it; but it cost him something. He was disturbed in his thoughts during the evening, and still more disturbed in his dreams. It was not pleasant to stand out against the boys, and he dreamed often that he was occupying some place alone, and his school-mates were all looking at him and hissing at him. Now he was up in a pine tree alone and the boys were below mocking him. Then he was

on the school-house chimney and finally on the church steeple, the boys all there in front of the church, looking up and pointing at him. He fell off from this steeple! He did not fall far. In his uneasiness he had rolled out of bed, and a bump on the floor brought him out of his nightmare, thoroughly aroused him, and showed him that it was morning. He arose, dressed himself and, after breakfast, started for the Meadow Brook school-house, two miles away. He was there in excellent season, and so was Tim. When the bell rang Ned took his seat in the school-house. So did a number of the boys who, deserting Tim, concluded to side with Ned. Tim had only three followers to keep him company out on the bank. The school had been opened with the usual exercises, and as Miss Gaines chanced to pass a window she saw four boys perched on the edge of the bank. She rang the bell.

"Don't stir, boys," said Tim, "she may take a hint."

Again the bell rang.

"Don't yer move," said Tim. "She may take a hint," he again suggested.

But the teacher did not take the hint at all. She took a stick and out of the school-house came flying.

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

POLITICAL TREATMENT OF UTAH—HER CLAIMS FOR RIGHTS DENIED HER—THE EFFECT OF THIS UPON HER PEOPLE.

ONE third of a century ago, after humbly petitioning the Congress of the United States to be admitted as a State, Utah was granted a Territorial form of government. There was no good reason at the time why she should not have been admitted as a State as much as California, for in all the elements necessary to make up a permanent and progressive commonwealth, Utah was as rich as California. But the proposition to make Utah a State was not popular, and therefore she was put off with a Territorial form of government. From that time until the present, a period covering an entire generation, we have lived in Territorial vassalage. In the beginning some respect was paid to the wishes of the people in the selection of their officers. This, however, in the opinion of many, was too much liberty, and by degrees encroachment upon encroachment has been made, until to-day we are stripped of many of the most valuable rights of free men. Anarchy would rule in this Territory if we were as other people. But we are so compactly organized, and live in obedience to such high laws, that good order is maintained and preserved, even when civil officers neglect their duties and seek to trample upon the rights of the people. Thanks be to God for having given us wise men as leaders whose lives have been devoted to the interests of the people and the preservation of their rights. Because of their efficiency the people have not been dependent upon imported officers. In many instances the latter have taken but little or no interest in the welfare of the people, and have been hindrances and obstacles in their progress.

Since we became a Territory, Territory after Territory has been admitted as States into the Union. Notwithstanding the fact that they have not had the claims that we have had—their prosperity not being so permanent, their connection

with the soil not being so fixed—their petitions for admission have been freely granted. Even Nevada, that was once a part of our own Territory, with its meagre population, scarcely numbering as many as our children under eight years of age, has been granted admission into the Union, and has for years been represented in the House by one member, and in the Senate by two senators, having as potent a voice in the counsels of the nation, so far as the Senate is concerned, as the empire State of New York. We have been treated by those in power as though Utah was an alien province. For years we have not asked for any right that has been granted unto us. In many instances our petitions, instead of being heeded, have had for response the introduction into Congress of the most odious bills against us. We have asked for bread and have received a stone. We have asked for a fish and received a serpent. Every patriotic exhibition of feeling on our part has been met by a rebuff. Had the design been to drive us into rebellion, so that an excuse might be found to let loose the soldiery upon us, no better plans could have been devised than have been.

Why has this been so? Have we ever sought in any way to injure or conspire against the government? We certainly have not. No citizens have been more loyal than those of Utah—no citizens have a higher regard for the Constitution and the institutions of the country. True, our religion is not the same as that of many of our fellow-citizens. But what of that? In a republic such as ours every citizen has the right to believe and worship as he pleases, if in so doing he does not interfere with his neighbor. Though we have this right, attempts have been made to withhold it from us. We have been and are, on this account, unpopular. The founding of Utah was due to intolerance and religious persecution. It was founded by religious exiles, and has been and is a standing protest against every form of tyranny, and especially that tyranny which would coerce men to renounce a religion which they believe to be of God. Still the opposition Utah has had to contend with has had its origin in the hatred entertained towards the religion of its people. Despite all these difficulties, and this constant opposition, Utah has prospered. We have steadily grown in influence and power. To-day our Territory and people are more noted than any of our neighbors who have been granted favors denied to us. And what a wealth of experience we have gained in passing through the scenes of the past thirty-three years! No people have had such opportunities for learning self-government.

We have had no help except that which came from God, but have had steadfast opposition and continued attempts to rob us of our liberties. The result of this has been the development, to a wonderful extent, of statesmanship in Utah. Leading men have had to act as fathers to the people, and have had to study the art of government, and how best to promote the welfare of those who looked up to them. This has been the case in every settlement to a greater or less extent; while those who have occupied the relation of leaders to the whole people, have had to cope with obstacles of the most serious character. This has drawn into active operation every faculty of their minds and all the wisdom of which they were capable. To-day they stand as the peers of the leading men of this nation in all that requires true statesmanship and wise government. And this is recognized, more particularly abroad than it is at home. The reputation of our leading men for sagacity, shrewdness and far-reaching prescience is fully established. It is confessed in such measures as the Edmunds law and the Edmunds-Hoar bill, in the Poland law,

and in the law of 1862, all of which are especially framed for the purpose of crippling the energies and retarding the growth of the Latter-day Saints in these mountains.

In a conversation which I had with a leading senator this last Spring he bore ample tribute to the wise management and political sagacity of the leaders of the Latter-day Saints. In fact, I thought he gave far more credit to man than he deserved, and that where we would give God the glory he attributed success to man. And this is the feeling generally entertained outside of our own community respecting us. While President Young lived he was generally credited with wonderful executive ability. Many leading men gave him the praise of having the best executive mind in America. His death has not affected such results as many anticipated. But still the old feeling remains respecting the executive ability in the head of the Church, and our enemies are continually prompted to devise schemes to check this power and to cripple this political foresight and wise management.

Were these people determined to train us for the high destiny that awaits us, they could not adopt a better plan than that which they are following. If we ourselves had the arrangement of circumstances, with all the wisdom at our command we could not arrange affairs better for our growth and development than our enemies arrange them for us. They are testing our capabilities, they are developing our strength, they are increasing our confidence, they are bringing into operation every element of force and strength connected with us. The results are two-fold. We become self-conscious of strength and greatness, and the world are equally quick to recognize in us all the qualities which go to make up a great people, or a people to be feared. Not knowing us many fear us. If they knew us this feeling would disappear; because our system is one that can only stand upon the practice of equal justice to all. We cannot, as a people, become tyrannical, for if we do, we would cease to be a power in the earth, and our own overthrow would most assuredly follow. Our strength, our greatness, our prosperity, are all dependent upon our strict adherence to the principles of right. Every man of every creed and of every nationality must be protected in his rights by us, whether now or hereafter. It is essentially the genius of this work to extend equal rights to all, and to protect every man in his life, in his liberty, in his religion, and in his pursuit of happiness, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of his fellow-man.

IN A MINUTE.—“Lucy, will you please bring mother her thimble?”

“Yes, ma’am, in a minute,” answered Lucy.

Mother waited. Lucy kept on at her play. Her mother rose from her seat and went for the thimble.

“O, mother!” said Lucy, “I intended to bring that to you in a minute.”

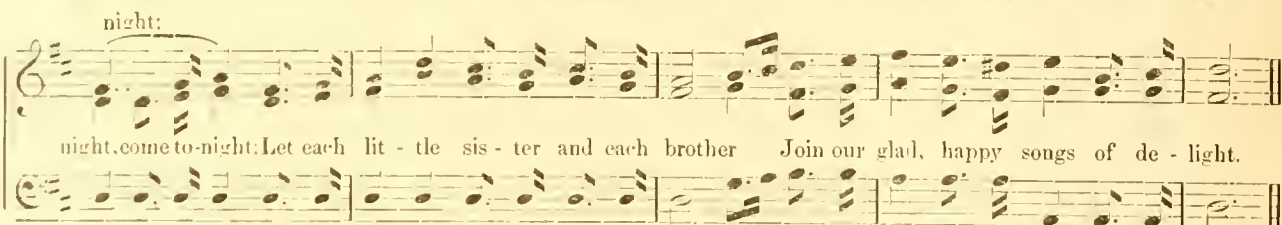
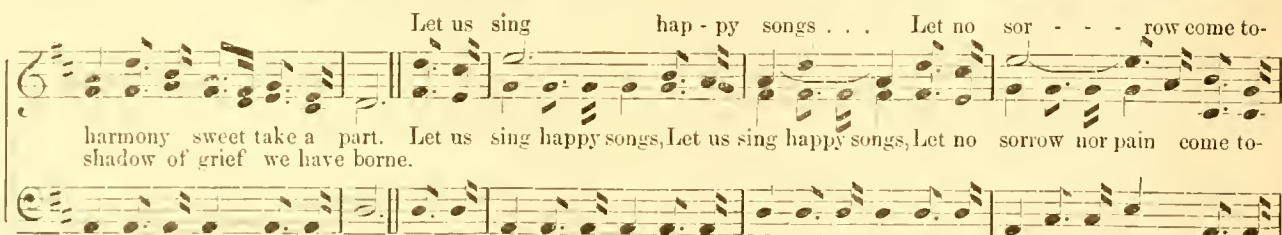
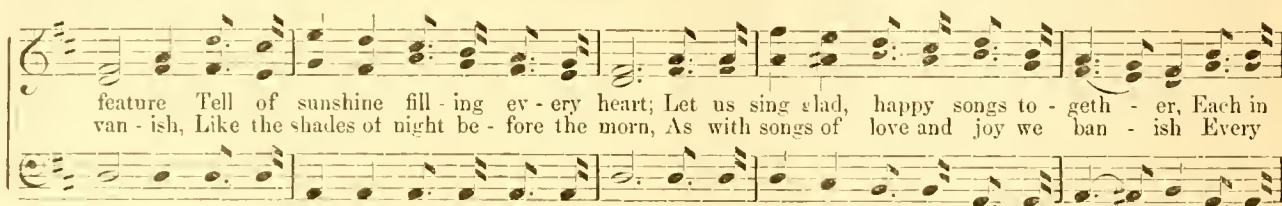
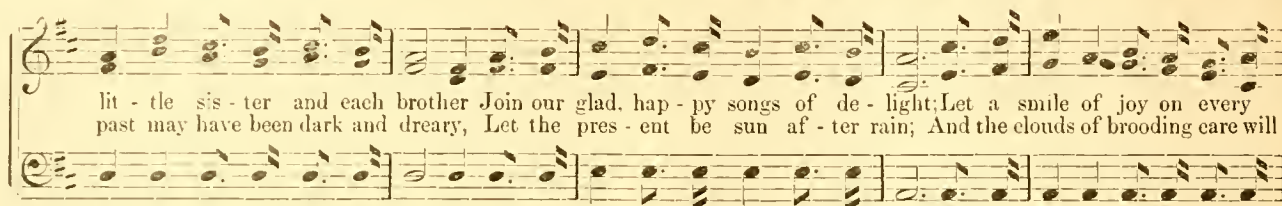
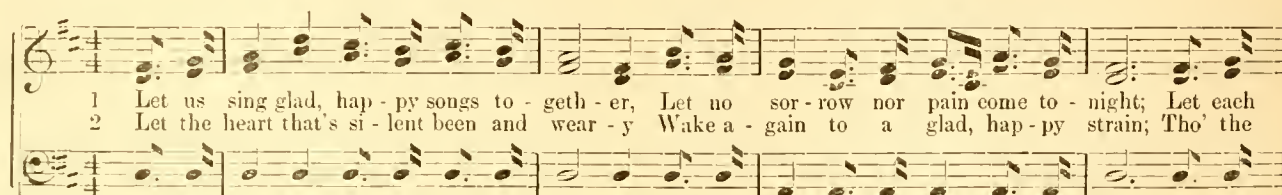
“I know you intended to, but you did not do it.”

In the afternoon Lucy’s father promised to take her riding. Her mother tried to urge her to hasten to get ready, but the answer was, “In a minute.” When her father came he had not a minute to spend waiting for his little girl, and had to drive off without her. Her mother told her that the little fox “In a minute” would spoil all her happiness in life if she did not destroy it. Did any of you ever meet this fox?—*Etc.*

A sweet and innocent compliance is the cement of love.

LET US SING GLAD SONGS TOGETHER.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Joyfully.

The Answer to the Charade published in No. 13 is TABLE CLOTH. It has been correctly solved by Frank Pickering Payson; Josephine Workman, Elizabeth Manning, Farmington; Albert Curtis, Frank W. Merrill, Lester Merrill, Logan; Alice Keeler, Laura Thurber, Greenwich; Joseph Finch, Goshen; Jesse P. Holt, Jr., Spanish Fork; John L. Halgren, Richmond; Ann P. Garreth, Riverside Station; L. J. Holley, Springville; Arthur Wixom, Brigham city; Mary Emily Chandler, Washakie; George Odell, Salt Lake City.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.
A man in passion rides a horse that runs away.

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